A Throw of the Dice

"Once again, gentlemen-one more throw of the dice!

The little group of soldiers was gathered in one of the rough huts which served as shelters near the trenches of Bristol. Over their wine and play they gave our vallant and discreet young friend here small heed to the sounds of war about is Captain before striking a blow, because them. In the breathless pauses following he hath a cousin can win O'Neil's ear, on the roar of ordnance from the town | But what I gain not o' one way I take by the dry rattle of the dice struck in with a another, and somocking note. Life and death out youder; the men clustered round the flaring ger gone, while the other turned away torch had weightier matters to busy with a slow, grave shake of the head them. The broad wavering glare which varied color from their attire, half-mar- not a fortunate fighter. He was known tisi and half courtly, struck out ruby by other exploits as well; the war gave gleams from the wine before them; many opportunities to waste life and to

pistol, sword, and pike. round them stood the others keeping an first great battle, at the trifling cost of richly dressed, but his braveries had been of the story was known; in truth, that sadly tarnished by hard usage in fights much had been dropped by Armstrong in the same; but he was handsome still, de- said, of boasting and lying. He claimed istled smile.

the rough free life around had worked friends-not honor, perhaps. mightily with him, and he showed the traces of a roystering night-the more because it was his first. His smooth, boybut uncertain.

"Once again!" he cried, somewhat huskily, gathering up the dice in his hand "Come, Armstrong, you owe me some revenge. What, I have lost more than I can miss, curse me!" The oath came

"I will never baulk you," answered Armstrong, gaily. "I can wear as many gold chains as you list to lose, or if luck turn against me-tush, I am a soldier of fortune; there's as much to be won within Bristol walls tomorrow. Come, I love to play with one who bears his losses like a man. What will you stake against all which I have won of you, so you may have all again at one throw?"

"Ay, or lose all, more like, since he plays with Armstrong," muttered an older man. "So the cards were not quick enough for him." Then, advancing to the

said coolly, with a darkening brow. The other smiled contemptuously, and turning to the lad, began anew:

Enough for tonight, Captain Thorn-

"Ay, listen to the good gentleman," Armstrong broke quickly in. "Tis true, Thornton, you are something young to be out of wardship, and you have drunk wine tonight, which is no fit drink for children-so thinks your friend here knowing you have never feasted before lady?" save with your lady-mother."

"I hold him no friend that says it," blustered the young captain. "I drink what pleases me; nor shall, I pour the third glass on the floor, for all my mother's favorite poet doth so commend-a ed me." most ungodly waste of good liquor," and he laughed aloud and vacantly.

"Good! art a man of mettle after all erable laugh. To our last throw, then; but have you aught of worth enow to set against the fair lands I stake?"

"I will set of what remaineth to me to one in particular, the value of your stake. They be my lands, though," bubbled the youth, "mine | na! I, who am assuredly nor Puritan nor

dazzle," he faltered, bending to look. double sixes

forehead.

the fair wide meadows?"

was your stake last time."

lands thereto, which we have held for centuries. "And that was your stake this time,"

rejoined Armstrong, cheerfully. "For- strong saw it and smiled. tune of war, captain "

for an instant staring, his face stricken tion, "thou art assuredly a very fool." still and ashen. Then, with a sobbing pike leaning near him fell with a ringing from without. Armstrong straightened sound. No one spoke, and he looked at himself and listened intently. none, but flung out his arms upon the tamimiery in that red, widening stain.

"A fair day's work!" said the greyhaired Cavalier, looking down, betwixt pity and sternness, at the lad's bowed

'Night's work you would say," retorted Armstrong carelessiy. "The day for fighting, good sir, and the night for feasting-when we chance to be off duty, that He seated himself on the table as he spoke, and reached for a goblet of "Well that this was not spilled; a rare flavor, too-there needs but a wench to fill it." And he began to sing to him-

"The ancients erred, though they were wise, Which teigned a god of wine

"You have no cause to say it. Non have ever linked coward with my name. nor dared hint that I failed in my work since first I charged at Powick Bridge though I am still but Lieutenant, while

He reseated himself, his momentary an-

Armstrong's words were true enough. was full upon them struck out flashes of All men knew him for a reckless, but struck out meaning glints of steel from risk it, and he had made the most of all. Once only it was rumored that he There were two men seated by the had failed to grasp what lay within his rough boards they used as a table, and reach-a chance of winning honor in the eager watch. The elder of the two was wronging a wounded comrade. No more and revels. With his face it was much a mood of confidence, or a mood, some spite his air of recklessness and the hard to have held his hand, whereupon his hunger in his eyes. There was a needy fellow-soldier had made no better use of look about him and his garb, yet he was his triumph than to die that night on wearing a heavy chain of gold which the field. After which Armstrong had hung down across his handoleer. He fin- cursed the frony of fortune, and vowed to gered it as he sat, glancing down at it use his next chance to his own advantage. more than once with the flicker of a sat- He would most likely have done so, such resolutions being of the kind which are Opposite him sat a mere lad, whose kept, had such a moment recurred. As it daintiness of attire suggested that he was | was, if he had, despite his best endeavbut new to such scenes; he had the look ors, won little among his foes, he had, in of one used to more sheltered ways. But an easier fashion, won much among his

He sat for a while eyeing young Thornton with a sombre side glance. The boy moved a litle stealthily, and slipped his ish face was deeply flushed the veins on hand into his breast, drawing something his forehead swollen, and his eyes bright, forth which he held tightly clasped. Armstrong leaned over and peered at it, then he broke into a harsh laugh.

"Tush, the boy is less green than we thought. Here he sits sighing over his lady's picture, doubting-and right wisely, I swear-if she will have a smile feft with a little jerk from his unaccustomed | for him now house and heirship are gone. Grant us a sight there of, captain; we are all lovers of beauty here. Show us your pretty-He stopped abruptly. Thornton leaped

up and stood facing his termenter, his eyes, in their reddened rims, blazing from his desperate young face, "Curse you!" he cried, in a high, bro-

ken voice: "It is-it is my mother." The miniature dropped from his hand, and he, his last shred of control rent away, flung himself on one of the rude pallets by the wall, and lay there shaken by gasping sobs.

The soldiers drew apart a little, mur-The solder drew apart a little, murgroup, he added aloud:

"Assuredly, gentlemen, we have both diced and drunk enow for tonight, if we are to fight tomorrow."

Armstrong gianced up at the speaker. "If you break on my game tonight, you must e'en favor me by yourself playing out another game with me ere long," he added aloud:

The solders drew apart a little, murgroup, he added aloud:

The solders drew apart a little, murgroup, he added aloud:

The solders drew apart a little, murgroup, he added aloud:

The solders drew apart a little, murgroup at his foce. But, as to others. Vice President Hanrahan, and by the American Indian I mean the coule with a faint cry of "Oxford!" smote his car, and, glancing aside, he saw a struggling group of men at his left. One of this continued to oclosely, and no of the American Indian I mean the close will find I mean the close of this continued to others. Vice President Hanrahan, and by the American Indian I mean the close with a darkening within him, and he could not the coule within him, and he could not have and by the American Indian I mean the close of this continued to others. Vice President Hanrahan, and by the American Indian I mean the close of this continued to others. Vice President Hanrahan, and by the American Indian I mean the close of this continued to other are spots that he does at linear terms of the Illinois Central, was a section hand by the American Indian I mean the close of this continued to other and by the American Indian I mean the close of this continued to others. Vice President Hanrahan, and by the American Indian, and by the American Indi row frame; a face deepened and made more delicate by the years which had faintly silvered the hair. After that long look Armstrong shut his hand over the picture, clenching it hard, then walked over to where Thornton lay, and stirred him with the point of his boot.

"Take it," he said briefly. Then, as the other, too broken for anger, reached out for it obediently, he added: "She is no Puritan, I'll be bound; she is a loyal

Thornton nodded mutely. "Did she strive to hold you from the

war?" "She bade me go, as my father would have gone, fastened my sword, and bless-

He had begun his answer dully, but at the end his voice shrilled off into a mis-

Armstrong laughed too. The wine had worked with him, sober though he seemed, and he presently began to talk to no "See now the freaks of that fade Fortu-

precisian, must needs have a mother A slience had settled on the watching which was both, s'life! yes, and could well group, in which even the muttering hiss have borne, for all that, to have her yet. of the wind-blown torch might be heard | But I was aye loyal to King and Court, Then Thornton lifted the dice, poised and and followed his Majesty once-or ever shook them, stayed his hand an instant, open war was come-to catch five foxes at Westminster; but he had not stop-"Four and two? Nay, surely tains eyes, ped their earths. So the Five Members went scot free, and mistress my mother "So it is," said Armstrong. "My chance heard I was of that ungodly crew of solnow-Venus be mine aid! That is all the diers, and bade me repent or →. But I learning I brought with me out of Ox- was ever a profune wretch amongst her ford. So-by mine honor-a cast worthy ministers; an I let slip a 'damme' I was of Venus herself!" and he pointed to the excommunicate, and I could never learn the Puritan trick of reserving all damna-Thornton gave a curious gulp, and put tion for other folks. So there I was outup a hand to wipe the sweat from his cast and cursed for a son of perdition ere p a hand to wipe the aweat from his cast and cursed for a son of perdition ere it save a blank endurance. His heart such as the home farm, then—all now. Faith, I've done my best since it fair wide meadows?"

then—a son should not give his mother put out a hand to help sustain his com-"Your pardon," said Armstrong, with the lie. Yea, cast out and landless. But ceremonious courtesy, "the home farm I am not landless now," he ended, with a sudden change of voice. "Nay, mother "But there is nothing more," said the or none, your very ingle nook is mine, boy, with the calmness of a sleep-walker; Thornton-unless I fall tomorrow, when "nothing save the Hall itself and the you shall be mine heir, for other have I

Thornton sat up suddenly, a cruel light of hope flashing across his face. Arm-

"Take my word for't, my son," he said, Thornton had got to his feet and stood with the air of one bestowing a benedic-Sharp across his words came an outmonn, he dropped to his place; a half- burst of confused and clamorous sound

"To your weapons!" he cried. I thought ble and hid his face there. A gobiet was we had an hour yet ere it was time to get overset by his movement, and the wine to our posts. As I live-sy, 'tis from that crept toward him in a dark stream, dyed quarter it comes-those mad Cornish have his hand in its lace ruffle, and dabbled his attacked too soon. Our leaders will never long curied hair. There was an ugly broad to be behind. To your men, Thornton, if you would not be court-martialed." A loud shot was heard close at hand. Somewhere in the distance a trumpet drew out a thin, quivering thread of sound: then another: then a great pulsing

> The men crowded to the door. cent of dawn was in the gir, but no light. The skies, lifted as it seemed to a great height, looked infinitely serene and aloof. But far and near the ground shock to the gathering of the army, and round the walls of Bristol bastions of fiery smoke were a-building. The men pressed out from the stifling hut; pressed into the

cool, deep spaces of the night. Captain Thornton knew nothing of how he reached his men, nor of how he bore "Let be," said the older man sharply,
"Mock not the lad's despair. And, mark
you, for all your wit, I think you have
most like deceived yourself, and that he darkers and contasion served him as a shield. Yet, when
the attack was once begun, the eye of
his commander. Colonel, Washington,
"Cornet you, I am safe there," answered the Lieutenant. "I am no hawk to
stoop at an empty lure."
"Truly, then, it is a good night's work
for you, as you said. I trust you may do
as well in the fight tomorrow."
Armstrong sprang to his feet and fronted the speaker: the mocking lightness was
gone from his face, and he spoke with a
deepened voice.

I himself before them; and it was well inhome of his race,"
"Ch, the cows were worth that. But you
won't take it disrespectful if I say I explaced Armstrong "I
will, end death on the latest small could
him a little to make even such an impossible offer.
"Why, certainly, Mr. Glass,' I replied.
The cows were worth that. But you
won't take it disrespectful if I say I expossible offer.
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"Why, certainly, Mr. Glass,' I replied.
The cows were worth that. But you
won't take it disrespectful if I say I expossible offer.
"In ease of whice it is all I could also were worth that. But you
won't take it disrespectful if I say I expossible offer.
"In ease of whice it is an I a could
disk you to name a much larger sum.
"Certainly not; I sup I sum.
"Ce

threat of striking him down before he could make some other human being suffer as he doubtless deserved. He knew that they were to assault the line midway between the two forts of Brandon Hill and the windmill, which reared them selves on either hand like buge sentient monsters belching destruction. He held straightforward. In truth, that seemed as safe a course as any among the mani-fold deaths which environed him, and which, despite himself, struck out occa-sional chills of fear that only deepened

The dawn had quickened by this; great shafts of gold struck upward from the horizon, cleaving gaps in the clouds which soon showed wide spaces of tranquil light. But the dawn served Thornton only to see how a soldier in front sprang into the air and dropped sideways in a formless heap. Before he had stendied from the sight he found himself at the outworks. There all was a bewilderment of move-nent, in which he was swathed in dun, dinging smoke, and dazzled by the flare of the firepikes and the leaping flash of musketry. He busied himself in helping to hack at the barrier, with weapon or bare hands as chanced, bitterly resenting the while the need of wasting blows on more earth and stone. Then, discerning a gap, he put his horse at it, leaped, stum-bled, and recovered footing inside the line, with a knot of the enemy charging down on him. Live men at last, at whom he fired and thrust, shouting with delirious

Armstrong meantime had taken the at-tack more coolly. He was used to such scenes, and the events of the past night vere perhaps not seething in his blood and brain as in those of his antagenist. Ie was riding as a volunteer that day with Howard's dragoons, but he was soon forc-Howard's dragoons, but he was soon forced, like the rest, to pick his way singly. Chancing on some very broken ground, he was forced from his course and then borne back for some distance by a rush of retreating men from another part of the line. As he strove to disengage himself, his eye was caught by the figure of an officer mounted on a grand dark an officer, mounted on a grand, dark horse, who came toward them at full speed. Armstrong watched him rike into the midst of a knot of fugitives with passionate suddenness, and sweep them on to the attack again as it were by the wind of his presence. On he came, near enough for Armstrong to note the scarlet cloak, then a flashing glimpse of a keen, dark face, with eagle eyes, beneath the steely shadow of the helmet. The next instant the superb horse the officer rode reared upright, its face streaming blood, and uttered a wailing shriek, shill enough to micros the mortal clamor round. It was

pierce the mortal clamor round. It was prone in another mement, struggling terribly. Armstrong turned, and spurred toward the spot; but the fallen man had already freed himself, and was walking composedly forward, his step neither hastened nor slackened for the balls which rent the ground near by.
"Take my horse, your Highness," cried
Armstrong, springing down to make his
meaning clear, for his words were over-

Prince Rupert vaulted to the saddle; yet, intent on his work though he was, he yet, intent on his checked an instant. "I thank you," he said, in that ringing vioce which his man could hear through vioce which his man could hear through which his man could hear through

vioce which his men could hear through any crash of hattle. "Your name?" He hent down to catch the answer.

"Robert Armstrong, sir."

"Good, I will remember. Make it heard today, yonder!" He pointed with a tense gesture toward the fire-ringed battlements, and with the word was gone.

"I am a made man," exulted Armstrong, as he stumbled headlong up to slope; "Rupert doth never less than his word. Oh, fortunate day! So that I am not killed ere reaching the lines," he reflected more soberly, hastening his steps to get out of range of the forts, from which the place of attack itself was somewhat shelof attack itself was somewhat shel-

tered.

Delayed as he was, he found the works already in part demolished; inside, the line had been well-nigh cleared by Little-tons daring charge, fire-pike in hand, and the Royalists had swept on. Armstrong leaped and scrambled across the crum-bling debris, and barely avoided lighting on a fallen man who reached ciutching hands at him as he passed. On he hast-ened; the Prince's brief words were as lightning within him, and he could not comrade at such mortal stress. Snatching a pike from the ground he ran toward

them, shouting aloud as he went:
"To me, brother: Oxford, Oxford:"
Then across a heaving shoulder he caught a glimpse of a face he knew. caught a glimpse of a face he knew.

The royalist had turned to him, guarding his head the while with lifted weapon; and masked though he was with blood and sweat and dust. Armstrong knew Captain Thornton at a glance. He was as quickly known; across the young was as quickly known; across the soldier's face, set in the impersonal flerce-ness of battle, flashed a look of keen in-"Better death!" he cried, in a high

gasping voice, and flung himself on his Armstrong hesitated, his hand gripping

Armstrong hesitated, his hand gripping the pike. The boy's insolent madness had set him free to strive toward the hope which made a beacon before him. Then another thought leaped to his mind; his face flushed darkly.

"She—" he muttered, and made a long stride forward, pike in hand.
The fight was brief, for Armstrong came fresh to the work, and the Parliamentarians knew that their fellows had all retreated. The lieutenant, springing upon treated. The licutenant, springing upon them, thrust one through the gorget, and the man dropped, a look of horrible surprise stamped on his countenance. Thorn-ton, almost spent, made ineffectual thrust on thrust, moaning hoarsely as he struck, in an anguish of weariness. One burly fellow, using an uncommon weapon, a short battle-ax, was the last to give way. When the rest had fied he leaped back, and getting at Armstrong's side, within his guard, hewed at him savagely. Before the other could shorten the pike sufficiently to strike back, he was off, running at treet hounds. Thornton hardly realized his escape. He

Thornton hardly realized his escape. He leaned against the earthwork, panting for breath, his throat dry with dust, and on his lips the acrid taste of sweat. Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder, and a hollow voice muttered in his ear: "Get me forth of this—the hedge yonder—"

Looking up, he saw Armstrong's face, changed and rigid, with no expression in the same a blank endurance. His heart panion, who leaned on him, heavily, stidly, all of one piece, like an image of stone. It seemed to take them an endless time to reach that hedge, not half a score paces away. Thornton's mind was in a turmoil of subsiding anger, relief, distress, gratitude. Clear to him above all else was the pressure of that heavy twitching They reached the he'ge at last, and Jenkins, of the Armstrong, releasing the other, stood erect an instant, swayed, and dropped. The hedge, shaken by his fall, sent down a littraordinary, two hedge, shaken by his fall, sent down a lit-tle perfumed shower of dew and flower petals. Thornton kneeled down, unclasped the wounded man's corselet, not without infinite pains, and made an unavailing effort to staunch the wound. Then he walted, mute and helpiess. The life ebb-ed visibly, breath by breath, from the sol-dier's face, which was settling into lines of absolute, remote stillness. Would he pass without a word? Suddenly Armstrong groaned and open-

ed his eyes. His face writhed with a quick spasm, but he made a grim effort to smile, and then to speak. to smile, and then to speak.

Thornton waited with shrinking eagerness. Death was so strange to him; he was filled with a wonder and passionate reverence which was deeper even than his gratitude. What words should come from one who seemed already to have crossed the narrow, immeasurable rift, and to speak from the other side?

"Was ever such accursed luck!" said Armstrong feebly. "Tis, I swear, but the second time I have served any save myself—and to be slain for't!"

The words broke so oddly across his awe-struck silence that Thornton was seized with a strangling desire to laugh;

seized with a strangling desire to laugh; he choked it back, almost bringing tears by the effort.
"But you will not die!" he exclaimed, scarce knowing what he said.
"My side is nigh cut through," answer-

ed Armstrong hoarsely.

"Alas!" faltered the boy, "there is so much I should say to thank you..."

"For dying?" muttered the other, ""Tis not to pleasure you, my son." "Is not to pleasure you, my son." "Let me but seek a chirurgeon for you," exclaimed Thornton hopelessly; it eased him a little to make even such an impossible office.

at the moment than the last throb of that defeated life.
Into Armstrong's face was coming again the look of a great withdrawal, but he roused himself to meet Thornton's

"Your lands are-yours," he said. The boy's face chirsoned, then paled. His hope, like his resentment, had been quenched in that draw on-coming presence of death; they flashed up at the word, to sink again.

"But I would not, have it so—at this cost," he cried, and, for the instant, spoke true.

With a sudden movement Armstrong stretched out his hand.

"Show me"—
The wish was never spoken. His body straightened sharply for the last breast-to-breast grapple with death—a wordless, breathless, unendling moment—then it shuddered slackened. His hand fell back heavily upon the reddened dice—Dora Greenwell McChesney in the Pall Mall

SAINTS IN MEXICO.

Mormons Arranging Colonization Plans Across the Rio Grande. John Henry Smith, the President of the

Mexican Agricultural and Colonization

Company, a Mormon institution organized

under the laws of the State of Colorado, arrived in the city a few days ago, accompanied by a number of his assistants. States of Chihushua and Sonora, and Mr. | decides the number of men in a section Smith said the other evening that a great | The popular idea is that all section men

conveniences in this country. and it owns about 75,000 acres of land in | in politics and throw in a few "bull con" The audience with Mr. Fernandez has al- material in the weeds and secrete it un-Church to the Mexican Government.

although Mr. Smith did not admit it last ing for about 75,000 acres more of Mexican handcar on the pike. land nearer the City of Mexico.

"The Mormon church has long followed "Companies are operated in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. When a Mormon wishes to change his place of living he seeks advice from those of us countries are shown to him just as they are and he makes his choice. The Mormon church is a great believer in the ultimate destiny of the American Indian, belief are scattered throughout the continent, Mexico not excepted In view of this fact, we expect to take a special interest in the Indians and educate them and give them religious advantages to be derived from our church government.

"We are making no claims. We slowly Ingratiate ourselves into the favor of the people among whom we live. We abide by the laws of the country, and our pecple being industrious, thrifty, and honest, the territory inhabited by Mormon colonists becomes valuable in a short time. The question of a piurality of wives has never presented itself in this country. Polygamy is unlawful in Mexico and so far as I am aware it is not practiced among the Mormons who are already here. To involve oneself by entering into marriage contracts through the civil cere derstanding with the authorities. At any rate marriage or polygamy is a secondary matter with the true Mormon. The idea which prevails that in order to be a good Mormon a man must surround himsel withself with a harem of wives is erro

The Mormons, as well as other churches and other societies, encourage matrimony, but it is optional with a man how many wives he shall possess at the same time. It is impossible, however, for a custom of that nature to be abolished in a short time. If polygamy has been in existence among a class of people and a man with a number of wives and children is caught up by the law, it is natural to suppose that in the name of humanity the man, if he be an honest and true member of the human race, will support those who are dependent upon him. dependent upon him.

The Mormons have been whipped many times, but they have never been beaten We combine the spiritual with the mate-rial things of life and this practically appecis to the common sense of mankind.
The leaders of the Mormon Church look after the bread and meat for their followers as well as their immortal souls."—The Mexican Heraid.

THESE WERE NOT JERSEYS.

(From the Boston Transcript.) A Sensational Surprise Caused by an

Honest Alabama Farmer. "For the first time in the history of Alabama railroads a cow that was not a pure-blooded Jersey worth \$125 has been killed by a locomotive," said Harry Jenkins, of the Mary Lee Coal and Rail-

"As if to make this fact doubly extraordinary, two cows have been killed, and neither one a pure Jersey worth \$125; but both were just plain, honest, everyday cows, the property of an honest man The story deserves to be printed in every newespaper and posted in every courthouse:

"The other day a locomotive on our track at Mary Lee struck and killed two milk cows, the property of Mr Glass, a dairyman, who supplies Birmingham customers with honest milk. Not knowing Mr. Glass, I naturally assumed when the accident was reported to me that, in accordance with the hitherto invariable custom, the cows were pure blooded Jerseys worth \$125 each, though I knew as a fact that they were just common coun-

try cows. "I sent for Mr. Glass in order to come to an agreement with him and compensate him for his loss; for there was no doubt that our locomotive killed his cows. He came and we had a pleasant meeting. After the interchange of the ordinary courtesies, I came to business.

" 'Now, Mr. Glass,' I began, 'we have killed your cows and we intend to pay you for them. What did you value them "I believe the cows were worth \$25 each, Mr. Jenkins, and that is all I could ask you for \$50 for the two?" said Mr.

THE RAILROAD POOH BAH.

Finnigan, the Section Boss, and Some Tricks of His Trade.

He Is King of His Domain and Has a Supreme Contempt for the General Manager-A Mammoth Exaggerator But an Indispensable Employe.

After a ride of 135 miles in Finnigan's

private car, with an empty nail keg turn-

You have heard this little rhyme: On agin Gone agin. Finnigan.

ed unside down for a seat. I am satisfied that Finnigan and the men who work under him are a pretty good set of fellows. Finnigan, be it understood, is the section boss, and a great man he is, too. The section hands have the utmost contempt for the general manager. He is a silk-stockinged dude who couldn't pull a er. In his books he must keep the time His attire was simple. On his head a hand-car a mile to save his life. The general superintendent isn't much better, Among those who are with Mr. Smith on and the superintendent is a sort of an his Mexico trip are Henry Eyring, the evil that must be put up with. The road-Vice President of the company, and A. master stands well, but the king of them M. Tinney, who will remain in this city all is Finnigan, the section boss. The men as the representative of the organization. stand in awe of him, and what the boss The Mexican Agricultural and Coloniza- says is law, regardless of what anyone tion Company has no colonists except else may say about it. And Finnigan! Mormons. Mr. Smith is a Mormon His domain is about seven miles of track, preacher and his home is in Sait Lake though where there are yards the section City, Utah. The Mormons have already is smaller, and his subjects number from about 3,000 people in colonies in the three to ten men. The work to be done many of the Mexican Indians were mem- and Finnigan are Irish. As a rule this bers of the Mormon Church, although few is so, but there are exceptions to the rule, of them enjoyed the church rights and for on the Decatur section I met Louis and August Gendvookonwitz, and they The colonization company has been op- are as good in their business as anyone. erating in Mexico for the past eight years | You can frame up all the smooth men the northern part of the republic secured men for good measure, and they will all under special concession from the Gov- have to take off their hats to Finnigan. ernment with different improvement priv- He is one of the best all around exaggerileges. The object of Mr. Smth's visit to lators-not a mean, malicious one, nor a the City of Mexico at this time is to ar- scandalizer-he just exaggerates in his range some matters relating to the con- business, and he does it with a face that cession with the Minister of Fomento. would make an angel sob. He will hide ready been secured and the affairs satis- der the tool house and swear he used it in factorily arranged. Mr. Smith said last the track-not for any pecuniary gain to evening that Mr. Fernandez extended his himself, but to make a good showing wishes for their success and happiness in without much expense. One section boss this country, and Mr. Smith in turn pre- built a sidetrack, and as far as his report sented the compliments of the Mormon showed he did not use a tie. He had purloined a lot from another section and this Mormons who are settled in Mexico all kept down his own expenses. He will become citizens of the country, and their tell the greatest stories of the work he record shows that they become excellent has done and will always kick because he citizens and improve their property in a has the hardest section on the road. On permanent and profitable way. It is said this trip I met forty-odd Finnigans and everyone told me in confidence that he evening, that the Mormons are negotiat- had the worst section and the poorest

Some of the Finnigans are pretty well educated, and one I met could quote the colonization idea," said Mr. Smith. Shakespeare by the yard. I found only one musical Finnigan. He had one song, something about a soldier with a wooden leg who always "had tobaccky in his old tobaccky box," and he sang this song to who have had charge of that branch of every tune, from "Old Hundred" to ragthe work for many years. The advant- time. It is not often that the section ages and opportunities of the different man gets much higher. On some lines dom gets above a section boss. Still

height of Finnigan's ambition is to put up a better track than any other Finniorder to help himself along. He is a meet at the end of their sections. most artistic swearer also, and his oaths are as long as his pick handle and as says one. sharp as the pick itself. Finnigan, on the average, leads a happy life. He works hard, accumulates a nice little home and an interesting family, and when his boy is old enough he puts him on the section and instructs him so that in time he may become a Finnigan himself. The genuine Finnigan can be picked

out anywhere. He has an indescribable something about him that makes his occupation known. He can mount his handcar as a circus rider leaps on his horse He has a seculiar knack in pumping, as he calls it-"pulling" a handcar-that keeps him from getting a broken back. I policing right-of-way, surfacing, etc., and watched Finnigan and three of his men pull a handcar for eight miles, and when gan getting the best per cent is awarded the end of the section was reached they the prize. were as frolicsome as could be. An ordinary man could not have stood the work half an hour.

must have a thorough knowledge of all over and nothing has happened. train signals.

Finnigan must be a landscape gardener, trol. The track walkers report to him how long he had been on the section. and the crossing watchmen and the switch lamplighters report to him. He must give a report of every article-and they are designated under 181 different heads-received and used by him each month. In reper ing ties he gives the initial of the car, the car number, whether the ties are first or second class, and the number of ties. He also reports the number of first and second-class ties taken up in a month, and finally gives the total cost of labor on his section for the month.

"Why is it?" I asked one of the brightest section men I met, "that you are seldom made more than section fore-"For the reason that very few have the

ability and education to do more than have charge of a section." In other words, when a man is made a section boss. Finnigan has come to his own, and when he is taken out of that

sphere he becomes a failure. That is why

men serve as section bosses all their lives. If they were asle to go up higher, the general manager would soon know it, and would put Finnigan where he could do the company the most good. Finnigan and his men do not accomplish such a great amount of work in a day. The work is too hard. An ordinary gang can take out and put in from seventy-five to one hundred ties a day, and put down the rulls, as a day's work. Nor do they cut a large amount of weeds in a day. They do what they can, and not try to hurry except when a train is in sight. Then they get busy, for they never can tell what officer may be looking out of the rear car window. When they take an inspector over their section they know he may become a roadmaster, but he sel- how to do it. It the section is in prime condition they plug along about four miles there are exceptions to this rule as well an hour. If Finnigan says, "Put on a litas to others. Vice President Hanrahan, the elbow grease there, byes," you may

Finnigan is a born "knocker," and he Indianapolis is "on the carpet" at 2 made no violent protest when it was demost of his "knocking" is against the between this city and Decatur knows it other Finnigans, for be it known that the | before "sun-up" the next morning. Talk about wireless telegraphy! It is not to be compared with the information that Fingan, and he does not hesitate to point out | nigan sends to Finnigan, and no Finnigan the bad work of the other fellow in will explain how it is done. Finnigans "Well, Jerry, how are you cutting in?"

> That's all you know. Finnigan knows the rest. In the 135 miles traveled I did not find a section man who would take a drink of liquor on duty. They did not object to soft drinks and I thought I detected a few winks as they swallowed the "pop" and lemon soda at some little station where we stopped for refreshments. The rules require temperance and Finnigan sees that the rule is enforced. All railroads give prizes for the best kept section. The basis is ten and each section boss checks up the other section, gives a certain per cent for lining up,

> No soldier of the legion was ever more faithful to his colors than is Finnigan to his trust. He will "kick" and find fault

these per cents are added and the Finni-

roading, and must be a sort of lack-of-all- a trip over their sections every day extrades. He must be an expert in the sci- | cept Sunday. There is one near Indiannce of lining up a track, his eye for a apolis who has been with the company roide, as he fills in the low places and | nearly forty years, and in that time has reduces the high points. He must be able | never falled to go over his section at to spread and distribute the grave, be- least once a day, and always on Sunday. tween the rails and put a good surface | On that day he will fill his pockets with on. He has to know something about spikes, and, putting a spike maul across carpenter work, for there are a whole lot his shoulder, walk carefully over his secof minor repairs to be made. He must | tion. At one point along the road there know something of the train despatcher's is a dangerous curve, and the section boss work, so that he can tell just where the who has it in charge told me that he trains are, or ought to be, and how many never slept at night when it rained, lest there are, so that he won't have a rail there be a cave-in at that curve, and he out when a train comes along. And he always breathes freer when the storm is

Of course, there are characters among the old-time section men. The most inso that he can trim up the weeds and teresting I met on the trip was "Buffamake the station grounds look pretty. He lo." That's the only name he is known gets into the telegraph department, be- by, and he evidently forgot what his cause he must repair sudden breaks in other name was, for he did not tell me, the wires, etc. As the bridge carpenter, He had great, broad shoulders, and his Finnigan must keep all drift away from wide chest was freely displayed through the bridges and see that the waterways his open shirt front. His face was covare kept open. He must be, in a way, fa- ered with a short, curly beard, and his miliar with the ticket business and know hair could stand a cutting. His white how to handle freight. Besides his man-teeth looked like little islands of ivery ual labor, Finnigan must be a bookkeep- floating around in a sea of tobacco juice of himself and his men, the hours they wide-brimmed hat that had been exposed work repairing track and laying ties, the to the seasons for many years flapped hours spent in laying seed and irop, down over his ears and coquetted with a ditching, ballasting, cutting weeds, dirty bandana hardkerchief around his loading old rail, loading or un- neck. His patched overalls, held in at loading ties or unders, loading or the middle by a broad leather strap, unloading gravel, making repairs to touched the tops of a pair of heavy brobridges and culverts, repairs to cattle gans driven full of hob-nails. But his guards, fences and crossings, clearing up eyes were bright and dancing and his wreck, transferring freight, construct- skin the color of tanned leather-a coming new track and work in the shop per- bination of a Greek soldier and an Ameriformed by any of the men under his con- | can cowboy done in bronze. I asked him "Who, me?"

"Yes." "Oh, I have been here since last August." "Did you ever work anywhere else on

"Who, me?" "Yes." "Yes; I worked on the Illinois Central

and the Wahash." "You get pretty tired, don't you?"

"Who, me?" "Yes."

"Oh, it's just like any other kind of work." "I suppose you will always work on the

"Who, me?" "Yes."

the section?"

"Oh, I suppose so." That is the way he talked to me during the hour we were going over his section. When we parted he hid my hand in his great paw, that was as hard as vitrified brick, and, turning to the section boss, said, with a vigorous expectoration: "Martin, this young fellow is all right,

He is no dude. I raised my hat to Buffalo. He is no dude, News. either.-From the Indianapolis

MRS. MURPHY IS DEAD.

Buffalo Mourns a Very Popular But Modest Monkey.

Mrs. Murphy is dead. Mrs. Murphy was monkey and up to last Wednesday was a favorite at the Zoo. Popular as some of the other animals are, they weren't so popular as was Mrs. Murphy. She was the recipient of more ttention than any other animal. She knew it and prided herself on the fact, but, withal, was a modest moneky. She had been at the Zoo for a long time and will be missed by thousands who never failed to see her

when visiting there. Tuberculosis was responsible for the passing of Mrs. Murphy. She knew that she had but a short time to live, even it allowed to linger with the disease. So she cided to chioroform her and put her out of the way quietly an quickly. Her only regret was that she must part from her thousands of friends. But she was consoled somewhat by the information that she would be perpetuated; that after death she would be stuffed and added to the collection of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences. So when the taxidermist is finished with Mrs. Murphy her multitude of admirers will find her in the care of the society, still willing to receive her friends, though unable to entertain them with the antics that made her the

them with the antics that made her the Zoo's most popular animal.

Mrs. Murphy was chloroformed last Wednesday. An examination of her lungs showed that the right lung was sound, but four-fifths of the left lung was closed, she having been getting air through but a small part of one of the three lobes in the affected lung. Mrs. Murphy had been afflicted with tuberculosis for six or eight months. She was given to the Zoo in March, 1898. She was brought from Japan. When the information was given out awhile ago that Mrs. Murphy had consumption, a large number of enquiries sumption, a large number of enquiries were made at the Zoo regarding her con-dition, and they came mostly from among Buffalo's well-known and well-to-do peo-Buffalo's well-known and well-to-do peo-pie. It is a fact that several promi-nent men and women visited the Zoo dur-ing the last ten days prior to the death of Mrs. Murphy, solely to enquire about her. That in itself is indication of the interest that was taken in her. Probably 10,000 persons went to the Zoo

half an hour.

The amount of responsibility that rests on Finnigan is bardly appreciated by the general public, because the general public seldom meets Finnigan in his official capacity; and besides, Finnigan is too wise to talk to anyone he does not know. He stands for the very foundation of rail
his trust. He will "kick" and find fault and swear at the management, but all hours of the day or night he is looking out that there is nothing left undone that might cause an accident. He is always alert, and the horror of his life is lest an accident should happen on his section. The majority of the section bosses make

CURRENT HUMOR

Needed in His Business.

"By the way," asked the saffron-hued man, have you ever suffered from dyspepsia?" "On the contrary," replied the ruddy-faced man, "I enjoy it above all things. I am pro-prietor of an unfailing specific for dyspepsia."

(From the Chicago Tribune.) Bride-How delightful it will be, Emil, roam through our tropical plantation and pluck the ripe fruit from the trees!

Young Husband (in some embarrassment)—I remember, dear, I told you I had 4,000 trees on my Java plantation, but I must have forgotten to mention that they are cinchona trees and produce nothing but the bark from which

Conceded. (From the Indianapolis News.) An Indianapolis woman called up her grocer y telephone the other morning, and after she and sufficiently scolded the man who responde she said: "And what's more, the next order you ge from me will be the last I'll ever give you "It probably will, madame," said the voice at the other end of the wire. "You are talking

Didn't Like to Disturb Him. (From Life.)

an undertaker.

She-When are you going to see papa? He-I don't know. Every time I have called it his office he has been in. Trades and Tricks. (From the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

(From the Detroit Free Press.) "I can't get on with that young woman at "Oh, she gets mad when I say she's mature;

"There are tricks in all trades, you know."

A Matter of Discount. (From the Petroit Free Press.)

Strange Lady-What's the price of this from Dealer-Twelve dollars, madam. Strange Lady-Row much off if I pay cash? Dealer-Madam, if you don't pay cash the bed is not for sale.

He Was Too Quick. (From the Philadelphia Bulletin.) "Would you play a game for stakes?"

Sorry. I was going to ask you to have a game A Prediction Verified. (From the Hartford Courant.) "Seest thou a man diligent in his busin said the old Hebrey proverb maker. "He shall stand before kings." Mr. Morgan and the other American visitors entertained by Edward VII at Windsor Castle a few days ago have been diligent

in their business. That's why. Did You Hear the Explosion? (From the Minneapolis Times.) "Even worse than tepid tomatoes is cold toast," says the "New York Tribune," founded by Horace Greeley. "And worse than either is warm beer," adds the "Boston Globe." This explodes the

popular belief that rum and molasses is the only beverage affected by the Bostonese. Scientific Instruction. (From the Philadelphia Press.) Mrs. Housekeep—Jane, are the eggs boiling?

Jane (formerly of Boston)—Most assuredly not, madam. Albeit, I believe I may safely say the water is in which they have been immersed.

Worthy of Discussion.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) "I never saw anything quite so mortifying," severely commented Mr. Ferguson, after they had left the church door and started homeward, had left the church door and started homeward,
"as that performance of yours in applianding the
preacher. He wasn't saying a word at the time,
either. He was merely looking at his watch.
Didn't you see how everybody stared at you in
a hotrified way when you clapped your hands?"
"I wasn't applanding the preacher, George,"
replied Mrs. Ferguson, ready to cry. "I was
merely trying to kill a moth."

(From the Denver Times.)

"You," growled the Great Man to his menial.

"get a hump on yourself and push that work through. I won't tolerate any laying back."

"You," said the better half of the Great Man, after he had left the dinner table, "get a hump on yourself and give me sufficient money to take Helen and myself to the mountains this summer, and hurry my sheat it. I won't tolerate any supports of everything that is, the duty of the opposed to the mountains this summer, and hurry my sheat it. I won't tolerate any after he had left the dinner table, get a minp on yourself and give me sufficient money to take Helen and myself to the mountains this summer, and hurry up about it. I won't tolerate any laying back."
"Yes, dear," replied the Great Man, meekly.

Consolation. (From the Heitere Welt.) The Man-Here I've run like an insane man; and still I've lost my train! The Other-Oh, console yourself, you're only three minutes late. If you hadn't run you'd been

One Thing He Probably Forgot. (From Tit-Bits.)

Thomas (who has been nearly drowned)—It was simply marvelous! As I cank for the third time all the incidents of my past life came vividly before me.

Dobbs (brutally)—I say, old chap, did you remember that fiver I lent you last year? The Perils of Youth.

Contrasting the ancient church with the mod-ern, Phillips Brooks remarked that the early Christians tried to save their young men from being thrown to the lions. "Now," he added, "we are glad if we can save them from going to

(From the Boston Christian Register.)

Twisted. (From the Catholic Standard and Times.) Mrs. Browne-I hear Mr. Goodman is engaged. Mrs. Malaprop—Ol yes! Mrs. Browne—I saw him at your house with a ming lady yesterday. Is that the one? Mrs. Malaprop-Yes, that's his flasco.

An Easy Way Out of Trouble.

(From the Boston Transcript.) She-And actually, there was a lion in your path? What did you do? He—Oh, I merely said to the lion, "You seem to have got here first, so it belongs to you." Then I took another path.

> He Wouldn't Be Busy. (From the Chicago Post.)

"Let me see the funny paper," urged the little "But I'm looking at it," replied her father.
"Oh, well," she returned, 'you can look at it after supper, for you don't have to go out to

As a Rule.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

His wife to carry the baby.